

and reached the river. I saw the two boys—Odessa perfectly still, lying on his face, just the top of his head out of the water. Willie lay on his back and although almost exhausted, kept himself afloat. I could throw the rope straight to him, but when I pulled his hands were so cold he could not hold on.

Miss McLeod walked right out to the edge of the ice and reached his hand, but broke in at once.

I throw the rope to her and pulled her out and tied it round her waist. Again she broke in.

The children all this time seemed paralyzed, though I implored them to run and call, they were dumb. I pulled her out again and we both called.

The men at the mill came and brought poles and both the boys were carried out to us. How a child of ten, as Willie was, managed to keep up all that time I cannot understand.

A crowd soon gathered and both were taken to the house.

Some time after, when Willie was safe in bed some one told me that Alick and Fred were in too. I tried to make myself believe that it was a mistake, but I do not remember much of what happened after that. I sent for my brother and he reached here at five in the morning. The bodies of the other two boys were brought in about ten.

Shortly after, the Sioux began to arrive. Any one who has ever heard an Indian mother lament her dead will never forget it. If I could only shut out that awful wail, but it still rings in my ears.

Towards evening the other parents arrived. They went into the room where the bodies lay: the father took one in his arms and the mother the other.

The Rev. Mr. Frew held service that evening, and the Rev. Mr. McArthur held another on Monday morning before they all left the house.

George went up to the Lizard Point and buried the brothers, one seven, the other eight. Miss McLeod went to the Sioux Reserve. All were buried on Tuesday afternoon.

The Indians never even looked reproach-

fully at us, though they are crushed beneath the trouble.

Miss McLeod seemed none the worse till to-night when she is a little hoarse."

Pray for the missionaries amid their discouragements, and for the poor bereaved Indian parents, that they may learn and know a Saviour's sympathy and help in their time of trial.

HOW THEY PUNISH BOYS IN ONE SCHOOL.

Another interesting story comes from the North-West, sad in what it tells of wrong, but rather amusing in what it tells of punishment. When your teachers correct you for wrong doing, your parents usually support them in their effort to keep you right. Not so in the Indian schools. The parent does not discipline his own child, and if a teacher should punish the child, the parent would in almost every case take the child's part, and perhaps keep him away from school.

Rev. A. G. McLeod, of Regina, is trying the plan of having a boy, when he is charged with any wrong doing, tried by a jury, composed of the other boys.

A little "written" paper, such as some of you boys have got up sometimes, is published by the school, and it gives an account of such a trial as follows:

"Court was held in the boys' dormitory, Saturday evening week, at 8.45, the Principal on the bench. There were two cases on the docket, that of George Bill Cote (No. 25), having three charges against him, for fighting; and Edward Cote for stealing."

Mr. Dinsmore ably conducted the prosecution in both cases, the 'editor' being the counsel for the defence. In the first case, No. 25 was reprimanded and let off on his promising to do better.

The second case was a little more serious, but judgment was finally rendered, to the effect that the accused receive two days at the 'disgrace table,' on bread and table. The jurors were: Senior monitor, Jos. Coté (foreman); junior monitor, John Cook; Captain Charles Cote, Francis Favel, Angus Bone, and John Seivereight."